

THE CHILD'S PAPER

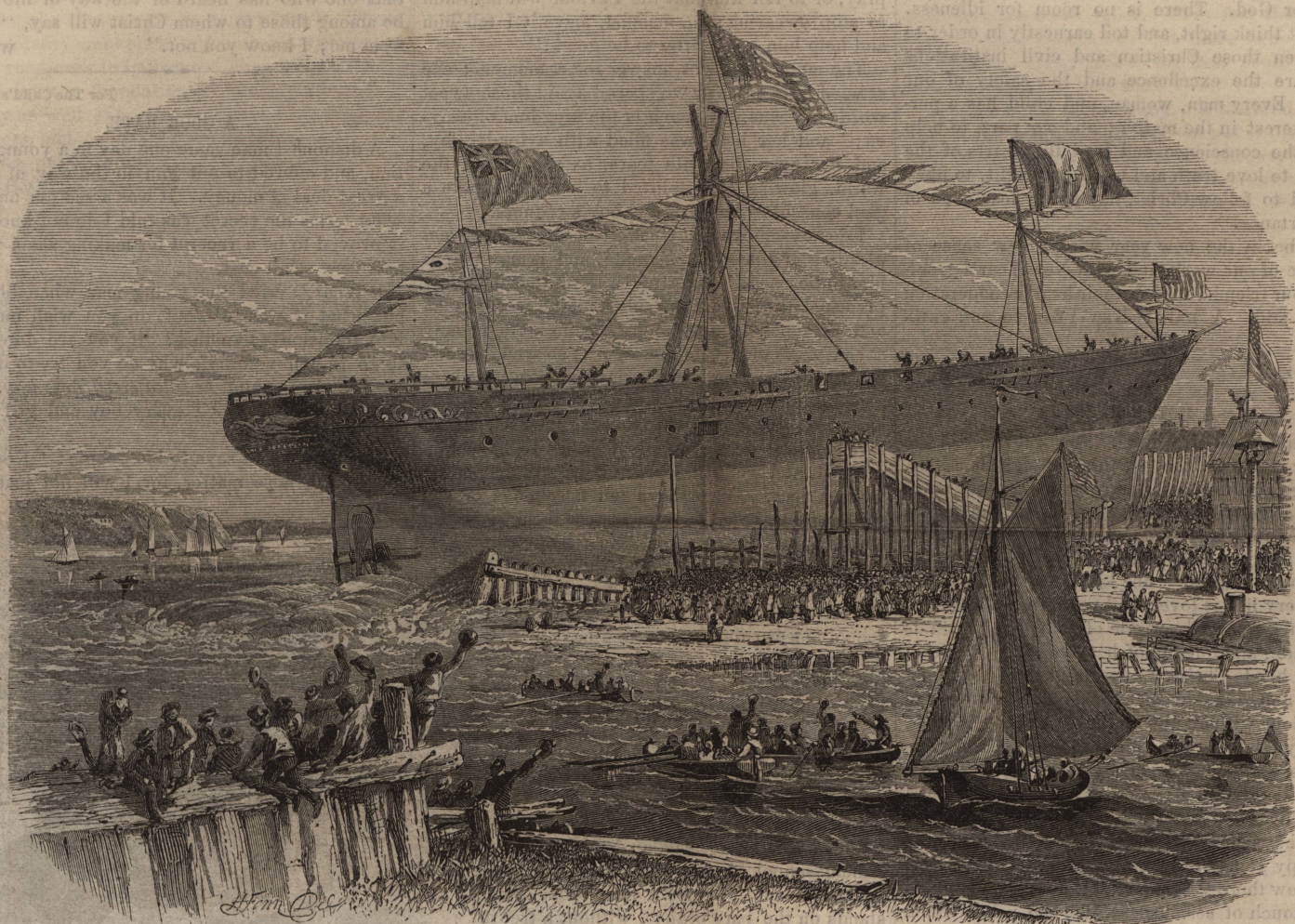
SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

VOL. 15.

JANUARY, 1866.

NO. 1.

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For The Child's Paper.

It takes several months to build a ship, and a nice job it is. It must be built *light*, in order to carry as much cargo as possible; it must be built *strong*, in order to stand the shocks of the winds and waves; and it must be built of a shape which will go swiftly and easily through the water.

A ship is built on land near the water. On a row of blocks about a yard apart the keel is laid. This is called a backbone, upon which all the other timbers rest. The toughest wood is used, commonly live or white oak. The curved timbers which shape its sides are called ribs, from some likeness, I suppose, to the ribs of the human body. I cannot tell you all the planks and timbers and braces that are so stoutly bolted and strapped together, or how many strokes of the hammer, how many swings of the axe, how many turns of the auger, how many rasps of the saw are necessary to complete her. The body of a ship when it is finished is called the *hull*, and the rooms where the cargo is stowed are the *hold*. The place where the officers and passengers stay is called the *cabin*.

After the carpenters have done their great variety of work on the hull, they give place to the

calkers, whose business it is to make it water-tight; and for this purpose they drive oakum into all the seams of the decks and the planks outside, and then daub it over with melted pitch. Oakum is tarred hemp.

Now it is launched. A launch is always an interesting sight. The ship slides down away from the scaffold where it was built, and dips and plunges into the water in a most stately and graceful manner, all its colors flying in the breeze. A great many people go and see a launch; and when she reaches the water in safety, cheer after cheer goes up from all the spectators far and near.

She is then taken round to a wharf, where her masts and yards and booms and gaffs and sails are put in, and she is rigged and ready to do business on the great waters; and they that go in her "see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

A TEMPERANCE MAN.

A master-cooper called upon a colored man in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave timber. He inquired for what purpose he wanted it, and received for an answer, "I have contracted for so many *whiskey* barrels."

"Well, sir," was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale, and want money, but no man shall purchase a stave from me for that purpose."

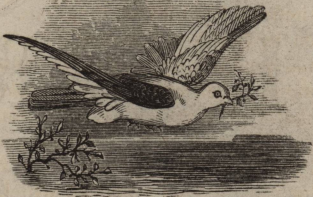
Mr. cooper was indignant to meet such stern reproach from a black, and called him a nigger.

"That is very true," mildly replied the other; "it is my misfortune to be a negro: I can't help that; but I can help selling my timber to make whiskey barrels, and I mean to do it."

THE CROOKED TREE.

Have you noticed that tree in the corner of the yard? When very young it was bent down to the ground, and imbedded there. It then shot up again, but it is now deformed. The sun may shine, the dew and the rain may fall, but the tree will *never be straight*. So bad habits, once fixed, are hard things to root out.

A LITTLE boy on his death-bed, urging his father to repentance, said, "Father, I am going to heaven; what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you won't love him?" Before the weeping father could answer, the child had fallen asleep in Jesus.



A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

The storms of war are over; its iron rain has ceased, its desolations are stayed, and the olive-branch of peace is borne over the once angry and troubled waters. Thank God.

It has swept from our beautiful land slavery, with its cruel wrongs. Thank God, thank God! And now may the Spirit of God, descending like a dove, come and heal us.

Never has a New-Year come with so much work to do for God. There is no room for idleness. We must think right, and toil earnestly in order to strengthen those Christian and civil institutions which are the excellence and the safety of our nation. Every man, woman, and child has a personal interest in the matter; and *our* part, to help inform the conscience and lead the hearts of the children to love truth and to choose right, to obey God and to follow Christ, has surely lost none of its importance.

We begin the new year with a new sense of the value of our work, and with New-Year's greetings to our friends, we ask their hearty coöperation with us still. A HAPPY NEW-YEAR TO THE CHILDREN.

For The Child's Paper.

A MOTHER'S JOY.

My child is a loving child. The first thing in the morning is a kiss; the last thing at night is a kiss. Before going to school, her rosy lips are put up to me for a good-by kiss. As soon as she comes home, she runs to find me with a kiss; while, many times a day, as she crosses my path, her loving face is turned up for "one kiss, dear mamma."

Her very life is love; and yet I knew she might be all this, and still outside of that love which is eternal life, and outside of heaven at last. I tried to bring her to Christ. I besought the Holy Spirit to teach and to lead her as I could not. I gave her to her Saviour with all the might of a mother's faith, and daily talked to her of him. I could hardly expect to see any change in my child, for she was a lovely little girl; and yet after a while I thought I saw a change. It was in the *soul* look of her eye. Before that, her eyes expressed the joyousness of any happy young creature—a bird, a lamb, a kitten. Now there was something more—a deep and tender touch of seriousness, like the peace which Christ left to his own, sweet and abounding. She was standing by me one day, with her head on my shoulder, in her own loving way. "Mother," she said, "I love Jesus."

To my asking, she had answered so before; but this was of her own accord.

"What makes you think you love him, my dear?" I asked.

"Because," she said, "I feel to kiss Jesus like as I do you, mamma."

If her little heart was turned towards him as it had always been to me, I could not doubt her love. I believed my child was his and he was hers *for ever*.

For The Child's Paper.

THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

A little boy was sitting in his mother's lap for their evening talk before nestling down in his crib-bed. No matter how tired with play, he was never too tired for this. The thoughts he could tell to no one else, were saved for his mother's ear in this quiet hour. The soft summer moonlight fell through the open window on his earnest face as he drew his arm coaxingly around his mother's neck, and said, "Please, dear mamma, wont you let me play with Gussie Martin?"

"Why, dear," said the mother with surprise, "you know that Gussie does not love the Saviour, and says and does so many naughty things, that I cannot be willing my little boy should be with him." "But, mamma, I shouldn't wonder if I could help him a little to be good." "How, my child?" "Why, mamma, to-day, when the boys were playing, Gussie swore ever so many times, and it made me feel so bad, that I went close up to him, and said, 'Please don't talk so, Gussie. Don't you know that is swearing?' The Saviour will not love you if you swear;" and he did n't say one word. I think may-be he was a little ashamed too, for he turned a little red and looked sober after that." Then, as he grew more earnest, he wound the other soft arm too close about his mother's neck, and looking up in her face, he said eagerly, "I do believe, mamma, that he wants to be good, for he did not get angry when I spoke to him, though he is such a big boy, but he only stood still close up by me. May-be he has no one to teach him to pray, or to tell him that the Saviour will help him to stop swearing; so, mamma, may n't I tell him and help him just a little to be good?"

The mother did not answer for a moment; she seemed to hear softly whispered again those sweet words of Jesus, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and her heart was filled with a tender joy, and her eyes dim with tears, as she kissed the warm, glowing face uplifted to hers, and gave a glad consent to her precious boy's request.

I do not believe that Gussie can forget the sweet pleading of his little playmate, and it may "help him to be good." Don't you think that little boy preached Christ just as truly as if he were a man and preached from a pulpit, though he is only seven years old? He loves Jesus so well, that he can't help showing it every day, even in his play; and this is the best kind of preaching, when our daily lives preach Christ to those around us. If we love a friend dearly, we don't want to have him grieved, and we try to prevent it, and that is the way he does. When boys tell falsehoods or say wrong things before him, he says to them so meekly and gently, "Please do n't," that they "can't say one word," because something that God has placed in their hearts tells them he is right.

Dear children, you who go to Sabbath-school to learn about Jesus, and have mothers who pray with you daily, do you, when with little playmates who have not these blessings, try to "help them to be good?" M. A.

For The Child's Paper.

LITTLE BECKY.

In the old log school-house of a scattered western village, a Christian lady has a little Sunday-school for the children. It is not a very pleasant place, for the school-house stands on the bare prairie, without a tree to shade it; so it is very warm in summer and cold in winter. Among the children is a little girl whose parents keep a "whiskey shop;" so you will not be surprised to learn that Becky had never been taught about God or the dear Saviour. She was allowed to run about as she pleased, and of all the children who first came to the school was the wildest and rudest.

The kind teacher felt sorry for the poor, neglected child, and did all she could to win her love. One day she told the children about heaven, that happy home above where those who love God shall dwell for ever, and never know sin or sorrow any more. Little Becky heard with wonder of the beautiful angels with their harps of gold, and of the peace and happiness of those who live with God; all so unlike her own wretched home, where she often saw rude fights, and never heard God's name unless in some fearful oath. She wished that she might go to this beautiful home, and as the lady had said none could go there but those who were good, Becky determined to be just as good as she could be.

But the little girl had never been taught to pray, and she knew that good people prayed to God; so the next Sunday, when the teacher prayed, Becky

said over the words after her in a low voice. When they rose from their knees, the lady asked who had been talking during the prayer. "Becky, was it you?" "Oh, ma'am," said Becky, "I was not talking; I was trying to pray to God as you do." "That was right, my dear little girl," said the teacher; "I did not know that you were praying."

When school was over, she called Becky to her, and asked her if she wanted to pray to God; and Becky told her how much she wished to be good, so that she could go to the beautiful heaven, and how hard she had tried all the week to be good, and asked to be told more about it. Then the kind teacher taught Becky a simple prayer, and told her of Jesus, who would take away her sin and bring her to himself, that she might enter in through the pearly gates, and join with saints and angels as they sing God's praise.

Will not all the dear children ask themselves if they are striving, as Becky is, to live so as to be among that happy number? How sad the thought that one who has heard of the way of life should be among those to whom Christ will say, "Depart from me; I know you not." Winnie.

For The Child's Paper.

A GOOD HATE.

A dishonest man came one day to a young Christian, and offered to put him in the way of making a great deal of money. It was a secret; and upon what terms the secret was told I do not know; but it proved to be a receipt for making sham vinegar at a very small cost.

"What," cried the young man when he found out what it was—"what, do you wish me to go into a business like this? If you are determined to go to hell yourself, why do you try to drag me too?" As for him, *he hated every false way*. That is a good hate, which every boy and girl should strive to cherish.

Hear what God says to his people: "Keep thee far from a false matter, for I will not justify the wicked."



For The Child's Paper.

SAMUEL BUDGETT, a rich Christian merchant of Bristol, England, set a high value upon economy. Economy, you know, is a wise saving of what you have. It is the opposite of waste.

One day he came into the room where one of his boys, a new hand, was at work making paper bags, and he saw at a glance that he wasted both time and paper in the way he made them.

"I will show you, my boy, how to improve,"

said Mr. Budgett. He stopped and cut out a number of bags, showing him how to cut them with the least waste of paper.

"Of course," said Mr. Budgett, "it would be using me wrong for you to keep on making the bags your way, and I know you do not wish to hurt your employer even in such a little thing as this; but think what harm you would be doing yourself if, when you have a business of your own, you have not learned to manage it with proper economy, whose first lessons you must learn as a boy, if you would learn them at all."

Two or three boys were kept to pick up and hammer out old nails. This indeed was the first thing a boy in Mr. Budgett's warehouses was put to do. If he did that well, he was promoted. Boys sometimes find fault, when they get places, at the small and, as they say, mean work which they have to do; and I knew a boy who left a good place from a foolish notion that he was not doing much, because his tasks were humble.

That is a great mistake. By the right doing of little things, a boy is learning how to work. These test his fidelity and knack, and both his willingness and his readiness to improve. They form his habits, and lay the foundation of his character; and you may as well expect to find apples on thistles, as success and excellence in life where the small duties are not faithfully attended to, and the little virtues faithfully practised.

For The Child's Paper.

LITTLE DENNIS.

A young woman was brought up before the police court of Boston, charged with stealing bread from the door of a grocer. She was poor, very poor, but clean, and looked as if she had seen better days. A little curly-headed, blue-eyed boy stood by her side, holding her hand. The grocer, a hard-faced man, made his complaint. He said the baker brought him a basket of bread, and left it before his door in the early morning. Lately he had missed a roll from the basket. He watched for the thief, and about daylight he saw the woman with her sickly little boy come up from the cellar where she lived, stop at his door, take a roll from the basket, give a piece to her hungry child, and eat a mouthful herself.

"Have you any thing to say to this?" asked the judge, turning to the woman.

"Nothing, nothing, your honor," cried the poor woman in an agony of shame and sorrow, laying her face on her little boy's head, and hugging him to her bosom, "nothing, nothing; I am guilty, guilty. I am a poor lonely

woman, and work hard when I can get work; but for the last ten days I have had nothing to do, and my money was all gone, and since yesterday morning we had n't a morsel to eat. I am used to hunger myself; but I could n't hear my little Dennis cry for bread, and not try to get a mouthful."

The judge felt for the poor woman, and asked the grocer if in this case he would not yield to mercy, and withdraw the complaint. No, the grocer demanded justice done, and the woman was sentenced to the house of correction.

"Oh, Dennis, Dennis," cried the wretched mother, "what will you do now, my poor child, with no mother to look after you, and keep you out of harm's way?"

A kind person present promised to take the little boy, who clung to his mother's skirts, when the officer hurried her into the hearse-like wagon which was to carry her away.

Poor little starving Dennis! No supper at night; no clean, warm bed to sleep in; no mug of sweet milk and slice of nice bread for breakfast; nothing to eat, hungry and cold; and no mother to clasp

him in her arms; no mother or father, or brothers or sisters. Is it not a sad case?

Oh, there are many poor little Dennises in our land this cold winter. The high prices of wood and coal and calico and bread make the poor a great deal poorer. Their poverty may tempt them to steal. That will make it all the worse; and so things will go on from bad to worse for many of them.

Children, remember the poor. Will not each of you look up some poor boy or girl who is needing your kind help to keep them from pinching want?

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

"Father, now the day is past,
On thy child thy blessing cast;
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Keep thy guardian angel band;
And throughout the darkling night,
Bless me with a cheerful light.
Let me rise at morn again,
Free from every care and pain;
Pressing through life's thorny way,
Keep me, Father, day by day."

"NEVER lost a day, never lost a lesson, never missed a word, never late!" Is not that a good record for a Sabbath-school scholar at the end of the year? It was Joseph Terry's.



For The Child's Paper.

THE BREAD-FRUIT.

This is one of the most useful trees God in his goodness has provided for man. It furnishes the chief support of the inhabitants of the South Sea islands.

This engraving is from a photograph taken on the island of Madagascar; and shows the manner in which this gigantic fruit grows, on short stalks, from the trunk or thick branches of the tree. In taking this picture, when the photographer had fixed his camera, he asked one of the natives to stand near the tree, so as to exhibit the size of the fruit as compared with that of the Indian's head. The fruit of this species is more than double the size of any other kind of bread-fruit, and though eaten by the creoles and colored laborers, has, when fully ripe, a strong flavor, somewhat resembling turpentine. In this state it is sometimes eaten uncooked, while the smaller kinds of bread-fruit are always either baked or roasted, and are, when sufficiently ripe, pleasant to the taste and exceedingly nutritious.

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT KIND OF A PENNY?

A great many children are giving their pennies to God to help on his blessed kingdom. They are doing good in that way; and it is a good way. But are their pennies tin pennies, or brass pennies, or iron pennies, or silver pennies, or gold pennies? Who ever heard of a tin penny, or a gold penny? Well, it is the spirit in which you give it that makes all the difference—which turns it into tin, or silver, or iron, or gold; that is, which makes it worth much or little in the sight of God. A tin penny is one given in a light, careless spirit. They think it is good fun to drop their money into the missionary-box, and hear it rattle, and that's all. They bring their pennies as the little fish brought his to Peter, with no thought at all. A brass penny is one given from a feeling of pride and a desire to have others know it. But the Lord Jesus loves the offerings of the "lowly heart," and he says we must "not let our left hand know what our right hand does." An iron penny is one given with a cold, don't-want-to-spirit. They feel they have to give, because others do; but there is no heart in the matter. That makes an iron penny. I am sure God does not love that.

Another is the silver penny. What kind is that? That is the penny which is given out of pity. Pity, I am sure, is good. Should we not pity the poor heathen who bows down to blocks of wood and stone? Should we not pity the poor street children, who have no home to go to but a dirty cellar underground? Should we not pity those who have no Sabbath-schools and no Saviour to guide them into sweet, heavenly paths? Indeed we should.

Yet the golden penny is better still, for that is given because we love God, so we cannot help giving. The love of Christ "constrains us," that is, makes us. We want everybody to know what a precious Saviour he is, and how good it is to have him for our guide and friend, and we give our pennies joyfully and thankfully to help bring others to know and love him too. That is the secret of the golden missionary penny.

There are three ways by which we can tell a golden penny from the rest, and I am sure you want to know what they are.

First, let it be an earned penny, because you do not want to give God that which costs you nothing. Besides, if you get it easily, you will forget it easily. The children all know how to earn money, because where there is a will, there is always a way.

The second mark is regularity. It is not given by fits and starts,

but given constantly. It is not neglected or forgotten, but comes as surely as the sun will rise tomorrow.

The third mark is, that prayer will go before it, and prayer will follow after it. He or she who gives the golden penny will be sure to ask the Lord to take it and use it for his glory. You will pray every day that it may do good wherever it goes; that in your stead it may teach some little heathen to bow the knee to Jesus, or bring some stray lamb to his dear fold, or comfort some dear missionary in his hard work.

Which kind of a penny do you give, my dear child?

DR. ADAM CLARKE in his last days wrote, "The prayers of my childhood are yet precious to me, and the simple hymns I sung when a child I still remember with delight." When the young cherish these holy influences, they

"sow seeds
To blossom in their manhood, and bear fruit
When they are old."



CHILD'S NEW-YEAR HYMN.

My Father, hear a little child
Who tries to pray to thee,
And may thine eye, so kind and mild,
Look down from heaven on me.

I have a very naughty heart,
That will not be at rest,
And little hands that do their part
In making me unblest.

Wilt thou not take away my sin,
And make me pure and good?
Cannot a little child be clean,
If washed in Jesus' blood?

May I be like a little flower
That opens in the sun,
So sweetly humble every hour
Till its short day is done;

And if I may not live to see
The close of this short year,
Wilt thou be pleased to gather me
Where all good children are?

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Psa. 90:12.

Days, months, and years must have an end;
Eternity has none:
'T will always be as long to spend
As when 't was first begun.
Great God, an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only ask that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

For The Child's Paper.

LUCY'S GIFT.

One day Lucy received from her uncle John a letter containing a bright gold eagle, and the puzzling question was how she should spend it; for uncle John had directed that she should spend it just as she chose, and tell him about it when he came.

She could not think of any thing good enough to be bought with her gold eagle, and mamma had told her she must not spend it foolishly, for that would be wrong.

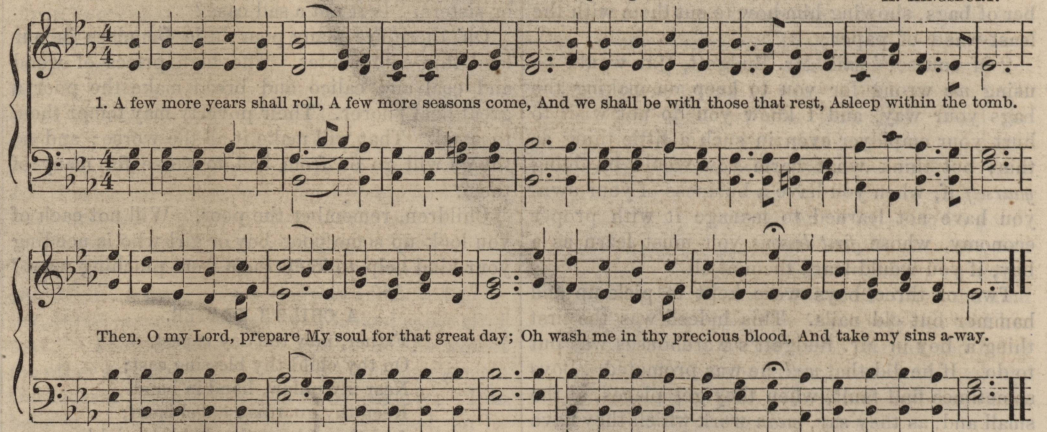
Soon she heard her father ask her mother, "Do you remember poor Dawson, who was so badly injured at the fire last summer?" "Yes, I was wondering to-day if he had recovered." "Poor fellow, they say he hasn't been able to do a day's work yet. His wife has taken in washing, and supported their family; but now she is sick. I think we must do something for them." "Has he a large family?" asked the mother. "Three children, I believe," he replied, "the eldest about Lucy's age."

"Yes, I know her," chimed in Lucy's earnest voice; "her name is Katie. She isn't quite so big as I am; and she's got two little sisters, Bessie and Mary." "Then she goes to your school, does she?" "She did go, mamma; but Effie Grey said she was n't going this winter, and that she cried when one of the girls asked her why she was carrying all her books home. May I do what I please with my gold piece?" "Certainly, my love; why do you ask?" "Oh, I thought I would like to get Lucy some new clothes with my money, so she could go to school."

"You might give her some of your old ones," suggested Mrs. Fay. "But, mamma," persisted the earnest pleader, "I would much rather give her new things; for, you see, if she went to school, the girls would know if she wore my old dresses, and it might make her feel bad. We can give them to her little sisters, who don't go to school."

PILGRIM SONG. (For the Opening of the Year.)

H. KINGSBURY.



1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest, Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day; Oh wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a-way.

2. A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3. A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4. A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

BONAR.

** From "HAPPY VOICES," by the American Tract Society, believed to be the very best collection of Hymns and Tunes for Home and Sabbath-schools. Price by the quantity, 30 cents, or 35 cents in boards.

Mrs. Fay was pleased with her child's thoughtfulness, and asked, "Do you suppose uncle John would like to have you give away his present?" Lucy's face clouded a moment; but she soon looked up and asked, "Mamma, is uncle John a Christian?" "I hope so, my child; why?" "Why, this morning my Bible text was, 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord;' and I thought if uncle John loved God, he would like to have me lend my money to Him."

"You are right, my darling; and to-morrow I will go with you and get the new clothes, and we will carry some other things too for Katie and her little sisters." So the new clothes were purchased; and when, a few mornings afterwards, Katie, with a face all aglow with happiness, came into the schoolroom so neatly and warmly clad, it was hard to tell which of the two little girls was happiest.

By and by uncle John came, and Lucy sat on his knee and told him how she had spent his present. He listened with tears in his eyes, and told her she should not have all the blessing, for he knew of a good place for Mr. Dawson to get work, and she should go with him and carry her little friends some presents, while he talked with their father about the work. Lucy thought lending to the Lord was beautiful, it made her so happy.

A. M. L.

For The Child's Paper.

ORDER, ORDER.

Put things right back in their places when you have done with them. Never leave them about helter-skelter. When you use any thing, hoe, rake, shovel, hammer, books, slates, pencils, thimbles, scissors, *any thing*, the moment you have done with it, return it to its proper place. Little folks should begin *early* to form habits of order.

I know Aggie, a little girl of four years, who has a drawer for her playthings. She takes them out to play with. When she is done, they are all put back.

"Mother," said her older brother one day, "I saw Aggie's beautiful drawing-slate out on the door-step."

"No, no, not I's," said Aggie, shaking her head.

"It is yours," cried her brother. "Don't you think I know?"

"Not I's," said Aggie. "I's is in I's drawer. It is little girl's who played wis me. I must n't touch hers."

Yes, Aggie's was put in its right place. Her brother was mistaken.

A LITTLE girl learned the first nine verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew. They are about the "blesseds." You have read them. I hope you have learned them too. Her teacher asked her which of the blessings she would like for herself. She thought a moment, and then said, "I should rather be 'pure in heart.'" "Why?" asked the teacher. "Because," she answered, "if I am only good, I shall have *all the rest*."

THE RIGHT ROAD.

"It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth," said Lord Erskine, "always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I have always followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point out the same path to my children."

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